

FARM AND HOME.

Farm Ratings.

A KANSAS shipper states that a car will hold two more head of steers if they are destitute of horns. He thinks this a strong argument in favor of polled Angus cattle.

Mr. HARRIS LEWIS gives it as his opinion that grazing for milk may be made to pay till land reaches \$100 an acre. On land of greater value, grazing cows for profit is questionable.

Every person who keeps chickens should raise garden peppers. A tea made by boiling them in water and added to boiled potatoes or corn-meal dough is stated to be a sure preventive of cholera in fowls.

PULVERIZED sulphur is an excellent substance to apply to fowls and cattle for the purpose of destroying or keeping away vermin, for the reason that the heat of the body causes it to become volatile, in which form it suffocates insects.

A CELEBRATED French breeder, who for many years held first rank in the art of fattening sheep, when urged to divulge his secret, replied: "My secret? I have none; it is only a question of fare. Induce animals to eat abundantly of a large, choice variety of well-prepared food; that is all there is to it."

A FRUIT tree cannot bear a very heavy crop oftener than once in two years, and in order to obtain an even-bearing tree the fruit should be thinned very freely every year; this would secure not only very even crops every year, but finer and more superior fruit. Birds assist us in this matter by picking off the blossoms. Thinning is easily done if we obtain a slender pole with a hook-like knife attached, or even a codfish hook, by which the extra fruit could be easily cut out.

The prevalence of good times and abundant harvests ought to teach the farmer to husband his resources. Because plenty abounds is no reason why waste should occur. Many farmers having large crops of corn adopt a plan of feeding which is not only very costly, but one which really seems criminal. Corn is fed to pigs who trample it into the mud. Cattle are given rations of four times the amount necessary, and, in fact, the wholesale waste permeates and attaches itself to every feature of the farm. Tight floors should be the invariable practice in feeding stables, especially in hog pens.

CONSIDERING the comparative standing of the different breeds of cattle as stall-feeders, Prof. Brown, of Ontario Agricultural College, says: "I know of no class of cattle so well qualified to fill up all our wants in the stall as the short-horn and his grades. In impressive power, early maturity, weight and fattening disposition they stand unrivaled. Next to these stand the Aberdeen Poll and his grades with their better quality of flesh and equal maturity, but hardly equal in weight. The Herefords come third with their equal impressive power and reliability as breeders, but not equal in early maturing or weight; and, as a stall feeder, the Galloway must take a fourth place, except in permanency of character and quality of flesh, in which respect he bows to no one."

CARCASS WEIGHT.—Mr. J. B. Lawes, a famous English breeder of twenty years ago, authorized the publication of the following figures as the average results of experimental trials made in 1859 on about 300 fat animals: The carcass weight of oxen 59.3 per cent. of live weight; of sheep 59.2 per cent. of live weight; and of pigs 62.6 per cent. of live weight. The percentage given for oxen is probably rather too high for ordinary fat steers. In the United States fat cattle are bought on the hoof on the basis of the estimated percentage of dressed carcass to live weight, and there ordinary best bullocks average from 56 to 57 per cent. of their live weight. A rough-and-ready way of estimating the weight of an ordinary fat bullock is to take three-sevenths of the live-weight as offal and four-sevenths as dressed carcass. Thus one-seventh of the live weight will be the weight per quarter of the dressed carcass. For example, a ripe bullock weighing 1,400 pounds alive might fairly be taken to weigh 800 pounds when dressed.

FEEDING AND DIGESTION.—Dr. G. Augustin Bowen, Woodstock, Ct., at the last annual meeting of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, said on the subject of winter feeding and digestion that animal waste varies with the species and the individual, the active deer requiring a much greater amount of food than the sluggish bear; the young of all animals need also more than the mature. The blood, muscles and fatty portions of the body may be increased or affected by the kinds of food consumed. The rearing of queen bees from ordinary eggs by special feeding is an illustration of the influence different foods may exert. Milk comes nearest being a universal perfect food; its large proportion of water gives freedom of motion to all the atoms which make up the structure; the casein supplies the muscle and increases growth; the sugar aids combustion, keeping the body warm; the fat lubricates and prevents friction, and the lime builds up bone.

Salt is a necessary constituent of food, but the quantity required is very small. Oatmeal is a cheap meat and fat-producing food, and should be better appreciated in this country. One rule of feeding will not apply to all animals. The stomach of a horse is small (only half the relative size of that of a man), and it must be supplied often and in small quantities. Liberal watering immediately after eating is wasteful, as it washes the food along too rapidly for perfect digestion. The cow's stomach is capacious and complicated, and designed for storing large quantities of food. Frequent feeding here becomes unnecessary, and may cause imperfect digestion. Twice a day is often enough to feed cattle; coarse food remains in the large stomach from twelve to thirty hours before it is remasticated. Never let any animal become cloyed by overfeeding, as it is a slow and difficult trouble to cure. Pigs make a better use of their food if it is given often—three or four times a day. The digestive power of all animals is strong, and coarse fodder may all be utilized if fed with other and richer food in due proportion. Calves do best to suck the cow, as the saliva is then better mixed with the milk. By all means feed animals regularly and well, and don't have too many feeders.

Domestic Economy.

HOMINY FRITTERS.—Take two teaspoonfuls of cold boiled hominy, one cup of sweet milk, four teaspoonfuls of flour, a little salt and one egg; beat vigorously, and drop with a spoon into hot lard; fry until brown. Rice can be used instead of hominy.

CRACKER GRIDDLE CAKES.—One pint of cracker dust; the yolks of two eggs; thin with milk, and when it swells add more milk until of the right consistency; salt, and when ready to bake add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff.

OSTER PRE.—Take two cans of oysters, and having lined a small baking pan with paste, put in a layer of oysters then a layer of dough and the remainder of the oysters; season with plenty of butter; pepper and salt to taste; pour in the liquor off the oysters, enough to make a good gravy. Put on the top crust and bake.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One quart of buckwheat meal, one pint of flour, half a teaspoonful of yeast; salt to taste. Mix the flour, buckwheat and salt with as much water, moderately warm, as will make it into a thin batter. Beat it well, then add the yeast; when well mixed set in a warm place to rise. As soon as they are very light grease the griddle and bake them a light brown, butter them with good butter and eat while hot.

ORANGE DESSERT.—This delicious compound, to be eaten cold with cake, is made by paring five or six oranges, and then cutting them in thin slices; then pour a cup of pulverized sugar over them; boil one pint of milk; when scalding hot add the yolks of three eggs and one teaspoonful of corn starch, which must first be rubbed smooth in a little cold milk; stir one way, and when thick pour it over the oranges, beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, add a spoonful of powdered sugar; put this icing in irregular heaps over the oranges; place in the oven to brown.

CRUMPS.—Mix a quart of good milk with water to make a batter; add a little salt, an egg, and a teaspoonful of good yeast; beat well, cover it up and let it stand in a warm place to rise. Clean the muffin-plate, or, not having this, a frying-pan, while warm, over the fire, and rub it with a greased cloth or a little butter tied up in a piece of muslin; pour a cupful of batter into the pan or on the plate; as it begins to bake raise the edge all around with a sharp knife. When one side is done, turn and bake the other side. Crumpets are generally now poured into proper-sized rings of tin, which makes them all a size and thickness.

TO MAKE A NICE DISH.—A nice dish for supper is made of sweet or Irish potatoes, which have been left from dinner (either baked or boiled). Slice them, but not in very thin slices, lay in a baking tin or pudding dish, and cover each layer with little lumps of butter and with pepper and salt. If you like the flavor of pork put two or three thin slices of salt pork on the top. Bake for half an hour. Raw potatoes may be prepared in the same way, but will require a longer time to bake them. To give an excellent flavor to warmed-over potatoes take some of the fat that you cut from slices of beefsteak, fry in the pan till you have as much as you need, then take out the scraps and put in the potatoes. This is better than butter.

MASHED SALT COD.—Take some salted codfish, that has been soaked at least twenty-four hours. Boil it in plain water, drain it, carefully pick out all the skin and bones and separate the fish into small flakes. Put the flakes into a basin, and work them with a fork until every flake is broken into small pieces. Rub a saucepan freely with garlic, put the fish and a small quantity of fine salad oil into it, stir well with a fork. Place the saucepan on a very slow fire, and never cease stirring the contents;

pour into it salad oil and milk alternately, in the smallest possible quantities, but continuously until the mixture assumes the appearance of a thick, creamy paste. Season with white pepper, add some lemon juice, and never leave off stirring; for it is upon the thoroughness of this operation that the success of the dish depends. Serve piled on a dish, with bread sippets fried in butter.

THE CLOUD OVER DANIEL WEBSTER'S FAME.

On the 7th of March, 1850, Webster delivered in the Senate of the United States a speech (on the relations of slavery to the Union) the effect of which upon his own chances of fame has been, up to the present moment, in the highest degree unfavorable. That speech turned against the orator nearly the whole force of the particular literary mode then rapidly gaining the ascendancy in this country. The time since then has been an era of sentimentalism in literature, as it has been an era of sentimentalism in politics and religion. Webster has been judged according to the fashion of such an era. There will succeed a different era, having different canons of judgment, and Webster will be judged differently. The pendulum already commences its return toward the opposite extreme of oscillation. This, however, is anticipation, and we now deal with retrospect. The tide of political opinion, held for a time from ebbing by the almost sole contrary attraction of Webster's own example and influence while he yet lived, receded with precipitate rapidity after his death, and left the great bulk of his name, it well might seem, a wreck on the strand. The reaction against Webster in popular regard resulting from this celebrated speech found powerful and beautiful expression in one of Mr. Whittier's finest poems, a piece significantly entitled "Ichabod!" Since then, in a published poem on Webster, Mr. Whittier has evinced some disposition to unwrite his earlier branding lyric of dispraise. —W. C. Wilkinson, in the Century.

A MISTAKE WAS MADE.

A young lady gave "her young man" a beautifully worked pair of slippers, and he acknowledged the present by sending her his picture, incased in a handsome frame. He wrote a note to send with it, and at the same time replied angrily to an oft-repeated dun for an unpaid-for suit of clothes. He gave a boy 10 cents to deliver the package and notes, giving explicit directions as to the destination of each.

It was a boy with a freckled face, and he discharged his errand in a manner that should give him a niche in the temple of fame.

The young lady received a note in her adored one's handwriting, and flew to her room to devour its contents. She opened the missive with eager fingers, and read:

"I'm getting tired of your everlasting attentions. The suit is about worn out already. It never amounted to much, anyway. Please go to thunder!"

And the tailor was struck utterly dumb when he opened a parcel and discovered the picture of his delinquent customer, with a note that said:

"When you gaze upon the features, think how much I owe you."

When the unfortunate young man called around that evening to receive the happy acknowledgment of his sweetheart, he was ostentatiously shoved off the steps by the young lady's father. —San Francisco Chronicle.

INCOME OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

Wagons loaded with the various products of Utah industries are constantly passing through the gate into the tithing house in Salt Lake. The Mormon law requires that one-tenth of all the things produced by the labor of the faithful shall be given to the church, and the compliance is, in the main, honest, though attempts at shirking are occasionally detected.

The annual income from this source is kept a secret by the rulers, but has been estimated as high as \$5,000,000, and undoubtedly reaches \$3,000,000.

"It is thought by the Gentiles," says a correspondent of the Boston Herald, "and intimidated by the saints themselves, that a portion of the tithing fund has been employed, and very effectively, in securing favorable legislation in the national Congress. The departed Brigham was wont to speak very contemptuously of Congress, boasting that he cared nothing for it, because he could influence its votes with money whenever he deemed it desirable. And there is reason to think that his boast was not wholly idle."

A GAME OF POKER IN KANSAS.

Two bloods of Salina, Kan., were rivals in love, and decided upon a duel to settle the question of possession. They selected their seconds, got a surgeon and retired to a sequestered nook, where they spread a blanket and the deadly work began. At the first deal one of the rivals got two pairs, jacks and deuces, and failed to fill. His rival showed up four kings and took the queen. The surgeon got \$10, the seconds got disgusted and the loser got drunk, while the winner got married. —Kansas City Times.

A BOUNCED MAN.

"Am Brudder Abraham Scott in de hall dis evenin'?" inquired the President, as he looked down the aisles.

"Yes, sah," answered a voice from the northwest corner.

"Den please step dis way." Brother Scott shuffled forward, head down and his countenance betraying about seventeen different emotions, and when he reached the mark the President continued:

"Brudder Scott, in gwine ober to de old man Johnson's las' nite to borrow a hunk o' butter fur breakfast, I disklivered some one lyin' on de sidewalk. My first thought was to yell murder. My nex' thought was to smell of his breath. Dat settled de case to once. It wasn't a murder, but a case of dead drunk. I turned de subjeck ober to git a look at his face, an' who d'ye s'pose it was?"

Brother Scott gazed straight at a bust of Venus and had nothing to say.

"It was Brudder Scott!" whispered the President. "Although two of his children an' bar'fut, his wife needs cloze an' he hasn't a dozen taters in de house, he had taken good money from his pocket an' paid it out fur bad whisky. He wasn't a man when I foun' him. He was a hog—a big hog! I could smell his breath six feet away, an' it would have made a dog sick. He had lost his hat, rolled in de slush, an' den fallen into a stuporish sleep. I got him an' toted him home, an' to-night he comes to dis meetin' to have a vote among men who work hard, respect demselves an' lib sober lives."

"Ize sorry, sah."

"No doubt of it, but dat am no defense. A fool excites pity, kase God made him dat way. A lunatic draws sympathy, kase he has met wid misfortune. A drunkard arouses nuffin' but contempt. He deliberately goes at it to make a brute of himself. You have heard me speak of dis matter on seboral prevus occasions, an' you know how de majority of dis club feel on de subjeck. In de las' two months you have bin drunk fo' times."

"Yes, sah; but I'll quit."

"I hope you will, but I doubt it. You had ebbery thing to lose by gettin' drunk de fust time. You have lost character, respect, money an' standin', an' dar's leetle hope dat you will see any reason to quit. We kin guard agin thieves by lookin' up our money. We kin put de murderer in prison an' have him out de way. We kin expose de liar an' kiver him wid confusion. But de drunkard—de hog—de beast, who kin trust him? Who kin believe in him? Who wants his society? Who am not degraded by walkin' beside him? Brudder Scott, you am a bounced man! Your name will be crossed from our rolls, you will be refused admission heah, an' we shall refut dat you war' eber numbered wid us." —Free Press Lime Kiln Club Papers.

SIMILARITY BETWEEN BUZZARDS AND POLITICIANS.

It has been observed that there is a strong family likeness between chronic office seekers and buzzards. Their lofty flights have the same purpose, viz: To see where there is a good chance to provide for themselves. There is also very much in the average political convention to remind one of the delegation of buzzards assembled about the remains of an old dead cow or any other animal that is not strong enough to defend itself. If the number of buzzards is small, and there are enough offices to satisfy the most influential delegates, then the proceedings of the convention are conducted with singular harmony and lofty courtesy, but there is an entirely different kind of music in the air when the animal to be divided into is small, and the number of empty delegates to be provided for is large. We were once an eye witness to the lack of courtesy that prevailed at a convention of that character. It was on the suburbs of a Texas city, where somebody had thrown out a dead cat to be raffled for. It was a very small cat, when the number and size of the buzzards were taken into consideration. Three or four buzzards immediately undertook to "secure the nomination." One seized it by the tail and came very near getting the nomination by acclamation on the first ballot, but another buzzard, who also had claims on the party, gobbled it by the other end, and it became evident that a contest was unavoidable. They tugged and pulled, but all in vain. There was a dead-lock in the convention. Neither candidate could command the requisite two-thirds vote to carry the nomination. The two candidates got very red about the neck, and, hopping sideways at each other, struck viciously with their wings, uttering a peculiar kind of a hiss, like that of a goose. We could not, of course, understand what they said, but very likely, when they craned out their necks at each other and hissed, it meant "false to your party!" "Where were you during the war, while I was in the army?" or some other unkind allusion. While these two candidates were squabbling as to which of them was entitled to the nomination, a dark horse in the shape of an unexpected buzzard scooped down unexpectedly, and, before the regular candidates could recover from their astonishment, carried off the nomination by the tail. —Texas Siftings.

SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS RIDE.

In a very short time everybody and everybody was in confusion, each one asking of the other what it was all about. Cavalry calls were heard in every direction, while the long roll of the infantry on our left was plainly audible. It was, indeed, a most complete surprise to every one, particularly to the infantry camps on the extreme front, many of the men being shot or bayoneted in their beds. No one thought Gen. Early any nearer than Staunton at least. Saddles were hastily packed and horses led into line awaiting the order to mount, while those of our men who had made such elaborate preparations for spending the winter at this camp showed their disgust and disappointment by savage growls and language which is not found in any book of a pious nature. As the fog slowly lifted, there began a rush, scramble, stampede, or by whatever name it may be called. They passed us on the run, singly and in squads, many with only there underclothing on, others partly dressed, while very few carried their muskets. Surprise and fear seemed to monopolize all their faculties. Their one thought was to get to the rear and get their quickly. As daylight increased the firing became louder, and the flash of artillery added to the general confusion. Most of the fugitives belonged to the Eighth corps, and amid the excited and panic-stricken crowd their officers vainly begged, threatened and commanded them to halt and form. Appeals were in vain; every man seemed intent upon securing his own personal safety by flight, and going on the old maxim: "Every fellow for himself, and the devil take the hindmost."

It was at this time, when every one felt sure our army would be either captured or cut to pieces, that Sheridan himself appeared on the field. Mounted on a large black horse, he came on a gallop with his hat in hand, his every appearance denoting anger and excitement. As he passed us he shouted: "Steady, lads, we'll give 'em — yet! This wouldn't have happened if I had been here." As he continued the men gave him cheer after cheer. Every one felt the inspiration of his presence, and we all felt that somehow or other he would bring us safely through. Army trains were turned into the fields and parked and many stragglers ran back voluntarily to the front. Sheridan's staff, unable to keep up with him, came galloping by, one by one. Firing gradually ceased altogether, our lines were withdrawn a short distance and reformed, while the cavalry were massed and took position on the flanks, Custer on the right and Merritt on the left. Before sundown our victory was complete. —W. F. Mackay, in Philadelphia Weekly Times.

MASSACHUSETTS MEN MATURING STORIES.

The only man who ever beat a nitroglycerine explosion after it was once started is John McCleary, of Pennsylvania. He saw what was coming and ran. His coat tail was cut off and his back somewhat scratched. He jumped, with some assistance from behind, about 100 feet, and continued running until he dropped from fatigue. He kept ahead of the flying fragments just as Baron Munchausen kept ahead of the rain, and there may be a lie about it somewhere, also. This is something akin to the story which old Col. Reed, of Acton, Mass., relates, and maintains that he was an eye-witness of the circumstances. One of the powder houses on the bank of the stream below Concord blew up (as they are in the habit of doing on an average of two or three times a year) and sent a man flying through the air, throwing him completely over a round-top hill. He was accompanied in his terrible flight by an instrument—probably something shorter than the ordinary hoe used in the manipulation of saltpeater—which, just before he landed, cut him slick in twain through the waist. The legs walked off for a distance of several yards, and the trunk, pointing its index finger toward the retreating saddle, exclaimed: "See there!" A bystander, who didn't seem to take much stock, so to speak, in the Colonel's story, related what occurred in his sawmill. Two dogs were fighting. When the encounter became fiercest they got directly in front of the saw, on the carriage which was slowly but surely moving up to the killing point. They seemed to be in a death-struggle, when one of them was cut completely in two. Now, it is a well-known proposition that every dog has four legs, but no dog has his fore legs behind; and, however that may be, the two hind legs of this particular dog ran away, while the two fore legs remained and whipped the other dog. Col. Reed simply said: "If I told such a lie as that I'd have no hopes of heaven!" —Shoe and Leather Reporter.

POWER will intoxicate the best hearts as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough nor good enough to be trusted with unlimited power; for, whatever qualifications he may have evinced to entitle him to the possession of so dangerous a privilege, yet, when possessed, others can no longer answer for him, because he can no longer answer for himself.

SIBERIAN WILDS.

The Longest of Earthly Journeys.—The Treeless Plains of Arctic Asia.

The journey from the mouth of the Lena river, in Eastern Siberia, to the city of St. Petersburg is one of the longest land journeys which can be made on the globe. The distance is more than five times the direct distance between New York city and New Orleans, more than three times that between Lake Superior and the southern extremity of Florida, and more than twice that between New York city and San Francisco. According to the official tariff schedules of the Russian Postal Department, there are 2,342 miles between Yakootsk and Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia; 2,540 miles between Irkutsk and Perm, the frontier town of European Russia, and 1,552 miles between Perm and St. Petersburg. Adding 1,000 miles as the approximate distance between the mouth of the Lena river and Yakootsk, and we have a grand total of 7,404 miles.

The northern coast of Siberia, between Cape Chelyuskin and Behring strait, is probably the most barren and inhospitable part of the whole Russian empire. For hundreds of miles back from the Arctic ocean the country consists almost entirely of great desolate steppes known to the Russians as tundras (pronounced tondras), which in summer are almost impassable wastes of brownish gray Arctic moss saturated with water, and in winter trackless deserts of snow, drifted and packed by polar gales into long, hard, fluted waves. The Siberian tundra differs in many essential particulars from all other treeless plains. In the first place, it has a foundation of permanently frozen ground. Underlying great moss tundras which border the Lena river north of Yakootsk, there is everywhere a thick stratum of eternal frost, beginning in winter at the surface of the earth, and in summer at a point twenty or thirty inches below the surface, and extending to a depth of many hundred feet. What scanty vegetation, therefore, the tundra affords roots itself and finds its nourishment in a thin layer of unfrozen ground—a mere veneering of arable soil—resting upon a sub-stratum 500 or 600 feet in depth of permanent and impenetrable ice. This foundation of ice is impervious, of course, to water, and as the snow melts in summer the water completely saturates to as great a depth as it can penetrate, and, with the aid of the continuous daylight of June and July, stimulates a dense, luxuriant growth of gray Arctic moss. The moss in course of time covers the entire plain with a soft, yielding cushion, in which a pedestrian will sink to the knee without finding any solid footing. Moss has grown out of decaying moss year after year and century after century, until the whole tundra for thousands of square miles is a vast spongy bog. Of other vegetation there is little or none. A clump of dwarf berry bushes, an occasional tuft of coarse swamp grass, or a patch of storm and cold-defying kedrovnik diversifies, perhaps, here and there, the vast brownish-gray expanse; but, generally speaking, the eye may sweep the whole circle of the horizon and see nothing but the sky and moss.

At all seasons and under all circumstances this immense border land of moss tundras is a land of desolation. Throughout the entire winter it presents a picture of inexpressible dreariness and desolation. Even at noon, when the sealike expanse of storm-drifted snow is flushed faintly by the red gloomy light of the low hanging sun, it depresses the spirits and chills the imagination with its suggestions of infinite dreariness and solitude; but at nights, when it ceases to be bounded even by the horizon, because the horizon can no longer be distinguished when the pale green streamers of the aurora begin to sweep back and forth over a dark segment of a circle in the north, lighting up the whole white world with transitory flashes of ghostly radiance and adding mystery to darkness and solitude—then the Siberian tundra not only becomes impressively lonely and desolate, but takes on a strange, half-terrible unearthliness which awes and yet fascinates the imagination.

"DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR OWN JOHNNY?"

A South Carolina man, named John Dorsey, accompanied by his wife, whose name was Sue, went out 'coon-hunting. At last a 'coon was treed, and John said, "Sue, I'll climb up the tree and shake him down, and you club him." So up he went and began shaking; but instead of dislodging the 'coon he shook himself down, and his wife, perhaps not discovering the mistake, belabored him soundly, and only stopped when her unfortunate husband yelled out, "Don't you know your own Johnny?"

A CHANCE FOR A TEACHER.

The King of the Belgians' prize of 25,000 francs for the promotion of science will be awarded in 1885 for the best work on means and measures for generalizing the study of geography and furthering instruction in geography in various educational institutions. The competition is international, and the works, printed or in manuscript, must be sent to the Minister of the Interior in Brussels before Jan. 1, 1885.